

I kissed her under my cherry tree
As we walked in my garden
picking sweet cherries
to make cherry wine
And on hot summer nights
On Cambridge creek
As the crying dancing preacher
Cried and dance and yelled
We eat crab cakes with cherry wine
While we kissed under the cherry tree

Barry Wyatt Jr.
My songs are my prayers
Linking my songs together creates stories
Pray for the Babies